

THE SAILOR'S SICK CHILD.

Mother, when will morning come?
A weeping creature said;
On a woe-worn wither'd breast
I had its little head;

And when it does, I hope 'twill be
All pleasant, warm and bright,
And pay me for the many pangs
I've felt this weary night.

O mother, would you not, if rich,
Like the rector, or the squire,
And a bright candle all the night,
And make a nice warm fire?

I should be so glad to see
Their kind and cheerful glow!
How I should not feel the night
So very long I know.

This true you told me to your heart,
And kiss me when I cry—
I lift the cup unto my lip
When I complain I'm dry.

How my shoulders your dear arm
All tenderly is press'd,
And how I am lul'd to sleep
By the throbbing of your breast.

But would be comfort, would it not,
For you as well as me,
Have a light—to have a fire—
Perhaps—a cup of tea?

How think I should be well
If these things were but so—
O mother, remember, once
We had them—long ago.

But you were not a widow then,
Nor an orphan boy;
My father, (long ago) came home,
And to jump with joy.

And to climb upon his knee,
And cling about his neck,
And listen while he told us tales
Of battle and of wreck.

And we not a bright fire then,
And such a many friends?
Are they all gone, mother, dear,
For no one to us sends?

Think if some of them would come
We might know comfort now,
Tough of them all, not one could be
Like him I will allow.

As she assumed the new relation and responsibilities of a mother, she seemed to hear the voice of Providence saying to her—

Weep not for him, but turn your care
To one now cradling on your breast.

This loved object, now sick, demanded her solicitude and attention. She had taken up her pen to write her family at a distance, and solicit her mother to come to her assistance.

She had refused the proffer of aid from several of her new acquaintances, principally from the maternal feeling, that she could not leave her sick child in other hands so long as she had health to have the charge of it herself.

She had even dismissed her household servants to repose, and sat thus, with a feeling of indescribable loneliness, watching the progress of disease on the only earthly object for whom she was willing to live, and toil, and suffer.

She had listened with some impatience to hear the welcome sound of the watchman's voice breaking on the silence, "One o'clock, and all is well!"—when she imagined she saw a flash of lightning break on the darkness without, and she expected to hear the thunder murmur in the distance, or roll athwart the heavens—but all was silent.

Again light gleamed through the folds of the window curtains, but on going to the window, all was dark and still as the bosom of the night.

In circumstances like my own, it is not strange that imagination should exert a powerful influence over a timid, sorrowful mind, said she to herself—but I will not give way to superstitious fears—I will look for fortune and strength equal to my day, from Him who is everlasting strength.

Her babe had now become restive; she laid its feverish head on her own aching bosom, and kneeling, poured out her full heart into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. As she arose from prayer, she observed a change in the countenance of her child.

"I will call a servant, and send for a physician," said she, moving toward the door.—At that moment a broader, brighter light streamed in at the window; several bells simultaneously gave the alarm, and fire! fire! resounded from a hundred voices.

Her first effort was to awaken her sleeping servants. As she hurried from room to room in the back part of her house, clouds of smoke, through which fire occasionally flashed, were every where seen. Before she had accomplished her errand of mercy, the whole block to which her house was appended was literally in flames.

Anxious only for the safety of her child, her inquiry was, "Where can I fly with my dying child?" Her servants were too much terrified to render her either counsel or assistance, and thought only of their own personal safety. She had the presence of mind to secure a purse containing a small amount of money, and her watch in her bosom;—then seizing a cloak and bonnet, to shield herself and child from the biting wind, she hastened to the street door, the only possible way of escape from the consuming element.

Here a most appalling spectacle was presented. The fire was by this time raging on either side of the street; men, women, and children, in their night-clothes, were pouring from their fiery dwellings, some from windows and upper stories; mothers were calling for their children, and children crying for their mothers—husbands in search for their wives and children—wives searching in return for their husbands; consternation and terror preventing a recognition of their nearest relations. The widow paused for a moment, overpowered by this scene of horror—when a gentleman, in tones of sympathy and kindness, addressed her.

"Fly, madam, I beseech you," said he, "to a place of safety; your house is on fire, and will soon be in ashes; the wind and extent of the fire render the efforts of the firemen vain, and the engines powerless. I am your friend, and will secure what I can of your most valuable property, and restore it to you."

"If you are my friend, go with me to a place of safety," cried the widow, "and let every thing else perish."

Her servant obeyed—the widow hastened to escape the conflagration, and her pretended friend to seize the spoil of her splendid house for himself. But fire seemed to envelope every thing in the widow's path, and borne on by fierce winds, threatened the whole city. Cries of grief, terror, and despair, were fearfully mingled with the roar of the raging element and the crash of falling timbers. Persons in attempting to save their property, dashed their furniture from their windows, and made it but one heap of ruin on the pavements. If money or plate was thus rescued from the fire, it was only to be snatched up by the hand of incendiaries, who in groups were watching for the prey. Many, in attempting to secure a little from the devouring flames, lost their limbs or their lives; and those who at such a risk had snatched a part from the general ruin, were often laid prostrate by the lawless arm of the robber, and their all wrested from them. But the voice of kindness was every where heard calmly saying, "Trust me with that purse of gold—I am your friend—commit to my care your plate, and I will secure all I can, and restore it."

"And who are these calm friends?" thought the widow, as she struggled on her way through every impending danger—who can be so self-possessed, so benevolent and disinterested, at such a moment as this? At last she reached a quiet part of the city, and pointed out to her attendant the dwelling of her friend.

"Then deliver your watch, madam, or die!" said he, presenting a pistol. She tore it from her bosom, and dashed it on the pavement; he snatched it from the ground and fled precipitately, and she saw him no more.

In a state of terror and exhaustion she reached the house of her friend, and was admitted. In the morning she visited the smouldering ruins of her late splendid abode, and shed tears of agony over the scene of desolation that every where met her eye.

A few days more, she was seen wending her solitary way to her father's house in the country, in a stage coach; a little coffin lay in her lap, containing the last relic of her earthly treasure. But the case of the widow is but one solitary, selected page in the history of the "great fire at Albany," 179—Hundreds of other families who, like her, sat down to a plentiful board on that fearful night, surrounded by all the comfort and elegancies of life, were on the following morning without where to lay their heads—pensioners on public benevolence—their property and their homes, accumulated perhaps by years of patient industry, were a pile of smouldering ruins—given to utter destruction by the hands of a cruel incendiary and his accomplices, to gratify the lust of unlawful gain, regardless of the misery it cost their fellow-men. But the sequel of our story will show the infatuation of those who thus sell themselves to work wickedness, and bear testimony to the truth that "nearly there is a God who judgeth in the earth."

For several months there had been a little sloop plying between New York and Albany, commanded by Captain Vincent. That sloop was constantly employed in conveying stolen property from the one place to the other, or depositing the goods in some favorable place along the Hudson; they were transported by teams to towns contiguous, where they were usually sold at auction by unsuspecting accomplices. The season was one of those desolating ones when the yellow fever prevailed in New York. The inhabitants had fled from the city by thousands, and business was in a great measure suspended, as in the time of the recent cholera; this gave an excellent opportunity for plunder. Vincent, by means of false keys, entered the desolated stores, and freighting his sloop, ascended the Hudson, sold the goods, usually re-loaded his sloop with lumber or wood, and returned to New York to commit new depredations on the property of others. Emboldened by his success, he at last ventured to offer his goods for sale in the city of Hudson. He was suspected, and arrested with four of his men, and committed to the county jail for trial. Evidence from New York were expected to appear against him; but at the sitting of the Superior Court, as now appeared, they were discharged. A few hours after the court had risen, and Vincent and his gang were safely out of reach, those evidences arrived; they had been retarded by head winds from reaching Hudson in season for their conviction. He, therefore, who had been guilty of the most flagrant robberies, thefts and burglaries, for a time escaped the just reward of his crimes. One incident which occurred during the confinement of Vincent may be worthy of notice. He had often complained of the neglect of his family, who neither visited him or answered his letters, though living within twenty miles of the prison. One morning Captain Vincent solicited the jailer to go some ten or fifteen miles on important business for him, and as an inducement, offered to give him a handsome reward, and pay him in advance.—The jailer objected that his family was sick, but on the whole was induced to go. After he was gone, a brother of Captain Vincent called and wished to see him. He was told it was not convenient for him to see his brother that morning, but if he would call on his return from Hudson, he might have the opportunity, as the keeper would probably then be at home. He replied that it would be impossible for him to call on his return, and requested he might have the privilege then, as his brother felt himself neglected by his friends. A little girl, thirteen years of age, was therefore sent to open the outside door of the prison, that the brother of Vincent might see and converse with him through the aperture in the inner door,

THE INCENDIARY.

From the Boston Pearl.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.—BY MRS P. H. BROWN.

It was past midnight—the hum of business and the pursuits of pleasure had ceased—the noise and bustle of the world was hushed in nature's still repose, 'as if the general pulse of life stood still.' No sound was heard but the voice of the watchman in his nightly vigil, and the roar of the wind; dense masses of black clouds were rolling up before the blast from the Southwest, and overspreading the heavens, shutting the stars out, and making the darkness more deep and foreboding. Albany was in quiet—the residents of ——— Street and vicinity were reposing securely, alike unmindful and unconscious of sights or sounds portentous. There was, however, one lone watcher, who had looked out on the darkened heavens and lurid clouds, as those who watch for the morning.' From her solitary chamber there glimmered the faint rays of the nurse-lamp. She, habited in the weeds of widowhood—though young, beautiful, and accomplished—sat anxiously bending over the cradle of a sick infant, now feeling its feeble pulse, now listening to its painful respiration and infant moanings, with all a mother's agony. The husband of her youth, the object of her early love, had died of the yellow fever, while on business at New York, a few months previous. She had received the intelligence of his death at an hour when she looked for his return—an hour, above all others, when she needed his presence, his sympathy, and support. Surrounded by all that wealth and affection could procure, she felt that her 'house was left unto her desolate,' and that she needed a support which the world can neither give or take away.

To God, in that fresh hour of woe,
She fled in humble prayer,
Clung closer to a throne of grace,
And lay more lowly there.

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through which food, water, &c., were handed the prisoners. She obeyed her orders and remained present during their interview, till requested by the brother of Captain Vincent to bring him something to treat the prisoners. In compliance with his request, the girl repaired to the bar and procured the destructive beverage, received her pay, and closed the doors safely, after the brother had bidden Captain Vincent farewell, assuring him that he could not call on his return, and exhorting him to receive the punishment due to his crimes with patience and submission. It was toward evening; the jailer had not returned when the wife of the jailer, who was confined to her bed by sickness, inquired of the girl above mentioned, what noise it was she heard in the passage that separated the house from the prison.

"Run!" said she, "and see if my husband has returned." The child obeyed. On reaching the passage, she was surprised to see the outside door open, the inner door unlocked, the prisoners with all chains off, hats on, and every man with his bundle and cudgel in his hand, and the brother of Capt. Vincent standing before the door. There was no male attendant on whom she could call, and no person about the premises who could render the least aid, except a faithful negro woman in the kitchen. She had the presence of mind to fly to the kitchen, and request her to come to her aid; and then, for fear of alarming the sick, she hastened back another way to the passage. On her arrival there, she found the brother of Captain Vincent making ineffectual efforts to open the inner door, which was held by two small bolts, which the brother was too much frightened to observe. From some cause, the negro woman did not understand the request made her, and did not go to the assistance of the girl. What was now to be done? Two small bolts, which could be removed in an instant, were the only impediment to the liberty of ten prisoners, some of whom were of the most abandoned character, one or two of whom had sworn that they would kill the jailer or some of his family, could they get an opportunity. That family was now left without any earthly protector, some of them too sick to escape or make resistance. Even a knowledge of the situation of things might prove fatal to the wife of the jailer, in her present state of weakness. The truth that the jailer had been hired to go on business for the sake of having him out of the way, and that Vincent's brother had been to Hudson to procure false keys, now flashed on the mind of the child; every thing depended on her fortitude and contrivance.

"I will do what I can," thought she, and stepped between the prison door and the brother of Vincent, so as to hide the bolts from his notice. A clamor was now raised in the prison.

"Why don't you open the door?" was the general cry.

"I can't open it," was the reply.

"There are two bolts just behind that girl," said Vincent. "Pull them back, and we are out!" His brother put his shoulder to the door, and gave a violent push.

"Fool!" said the prisoners, "you will never get us out so!"

Just knock that girl down," said one, "and then pull those bolts!"

"There is no use in hurting the child," said another; "she has been kind to us; can't you put her away?" The man trembled like an aspen—the child took courage.

"Come, little girl," said he, kindly, "go and get me some grog for the prisoners, and I will give you a shilling." She did not move.

"A few moments more," said Captain Vincent to his brother, "and the whole scheme is lost. Let us out, if you have to kill the whole family, for Heaven's sake!" His brother pulled a pistol from his coat pocket; he was deadly pale; he raised the pistol slowly in his trembling hand, and pointing it at the child's head, said, "Go away, or I'll shoot you!" His arm fell powerless by his side.

"He has no courage to kill me," said the child to herself, looking him steadily in the face, "but if he kills me, I will do my duty." He again raised the pistol, and repeated, "Go away, or I'll shoot you!" Again his arm fell. The prisoners grew frantic; they raved, swore, and begged him to be quick, or all was lost. He seemed to gather a fresh resolution—raised his arm and pistol the third time, and with a terrible oath that made the child's blood creep cold through her veins, said, "Go! or—at that moment a cry was heard from within, 'Tis over—a man coming!'—at the same time, the family physician planted his foot on the door-sill.

The brother of Vincent darted past him like an arrow; the girl seized the outside door, and pulled it too; the physician exclaimed, "What's the matter here?" putting his cane through the staple.

"Thank God! they are safe," said the child in a feeble voice, and fell senseless into the arms of the kind physician. The jailer soon returned—the prisoners were again put in irons—and no injury was done, except—as the doctor used to laughingly say—"Poor P. was frightened out of three years' growth!"

It was but a few weeks after the discharge of Vincent and his men, that the 'great fire at Albany' occurred. The circumstances of that fire were such altogether as to prove it to have been the work of an incendiary, or rather a horde of plunderers. The public mind was in agitation and a state of general excitement, and all were on the look out for rogues. A few days after, a sloop was ascending the Hudson with a variety of passengers on board. The great fire was talked of, and the poverty and misery consequent was made a subject of comment. There was one, however, that took no part in the conversation; he seemed to stand aloof from the rest, looking intently on the water at the prow, alternately consulting his splendid gold watch, as if to ascertain the rapid-

ity of their progress. He had been watched by one of the gentlemen on board, who thought him a suspicious character, and was about to communicate his suspicions to others, when the thought occurred that in the present state of excited feeling, the innocent were liable to suspicion; he therefore forbore any remarks, but intended to keep an eye upon him. Soon after, he went to the captain and requested to be set ashore. The captain said, as he had engaged his passage to Albany, he should carry him thither.—They were now within a few miles, and could not stop to put him ashore in the woods. No more was said; but in a few moments the same person was seen at some distance from that sloop, swimming ashore. Suspicions were soon reciprocated, and a boat was manned and sent after him, but he reached the shore in safety, and was lost to sight in the forest; his coat and boots were left on board. The sloop arrived at Albany, and information was given, to the proper authorities, of the suspected person's stature, complexion, &c. On the same evening, a gentleman who had been employed in a lumber yard was about retiring from his labors, as the twilight was fading into the darkness of night, but sat down for a moment on a pile of lumber; when, at a little distance, he discovered a man skulking along the lumber yard, as if to escape notice. He immediately sprang from his seat and seized him, saying, "You are my prisoner!" The poor, guilty wretch pointed to the smouldering ruins then in view, and said, "I kindled those fires, I plundered an immense amount of property, and might have escaped unobserved—but I could not; I am in torment—take me to a magistrate—I will confess the whole." He did so. It was the same person who, two hours previous, swam ashore from the sloop, to escape detection. He was committed, and in due time was tried and condemned to suffer death; but the humane governor reversed the order of the court, and sentenced him to solitary imprisonment during life. He made a full confession of his various crimes—reverted to his detection and imprisonment in C—County jail—said he made a solemn vow to God, that if he escaped punishment then, he would go and sin no more—but that vow was broken with the first temptation—that the tortures of conscience would soon destroy him. He died, a short time after, in prison, either by violence from his own hand, or from guilt and despair—a monument of folly and crime. He was the son of respectable parents—began his career of sin by a breach of the Sabbath, and pilfering small sums from his father, to spend in gaming and drinking with his wicked associates. When Captain Vincent first yielded to temptation, how little he thought of the end of his mad career! But when once a youth throws himself on the current of vice, who can say if that current will ever be stayed till that youth is lost forever?

From the Vermont Chronicle.
CONNECTICUT RIVER AND ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD CONVENTION.

The Convention heretofore called, assembled at this place on the 20th inst. Eliphalet Averill, Esq. of Hartford, Ct. was chosen President, Messrs Erastus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, and John C. Holbrook, of Brattleboro, Vt. Vice Presidents, and Messrs I. W. Hubbard and J. D. Hatch, of Windsor, Vt. Secretaries.

Upwards of 150 gentlemen enrolled their names as members of the Convention.—Messrs P. H. Knowlton, from Lower Canada, Col. J. Stevens, of Newport, Engineer, and C. H. Peaslee, Esq. of Concord, N. H. were received by special invitation.

A Committee of Overtures was raised, C. Coolidge, of Windsor, Vt. Chairman, which subsequently reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That a committee of seven persons be appointed, to investigate, and report upon, the practicability of constructing the proposed road, having regard to elevation, soil, materials, &c. and an estimate of the cost in each of the modes in which rail roads are now made.

2. Resolved, That a committee of nine persons be appointed to report upon the resources of the territory falling within the influence of the proposed road, and the presumable advantages to be derived from it.

3. Resolved, That a committee of three persons be appointed to enquire into the importance of the proposed road, in a national point of view, as a portion of one continuous internal line of communication through the union.

4. Resolved, That a committee of seven persons be appointed to report upon the measures necessary to the procuring charters not yet obtained, and the uniting with companies already incorporated.

5. Resolved, That a committee of nine persons be appointed to draft and report general resolutions.

6. Resolved, That a committee of correspondence, consisting of three persons, be appointed to report at any future Convention, or publish such facts from time to time as they shall judge proper.

The resolutions were adopted and the committee appointed.

The committee on the 6th Resolution, termed the committee of correspondence, were as follows: Carlos Coolidge, Esq. Rev. John Richards, and Charles Hopkins, Esq. of Windsor, Vt.

The following resolution was read and adopted.

Resolved, That a committee of nine persons be raised, for the purpose of ascertaining as far as practicable, the amount of available water power to be found in the Valley of Connecticut River, from tide water to the foot of the Fifteen Mile Falls, and of its tributary streams, as also of the streams descending northward in the direction of the

St. Lawrence, and to report generally upon the subject at this meeting of the Convention. And also that said committee be instructed to make, at some future time, such further report as may be by them deemed expedient.

Dr L. Jewett, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. from the committee on the 5th Resolution, made the following report, which together with the resolutions was adopted.

To the rail road Convention now in session, your committee appointed to draft and report general resolutions, respectfully report the following:

1. Resolved, That we consider the facilities afforded by the use of rail roads to be superior to any other mode of conveyance, and that no section of our country would derive more benefit from, or has greater claims to these facilities, than the valley of the Connecticut.

2. Resolved, That while we award to other sections of our common country the praise of being before the valley of the Connecticut in providing facilities for travel and transportation, we avow our fixed determination to enter at once on a course of rail road measures with a spirit and perseverance which shall never sleep, while doing more will add either to the honor or the interest of the great valley of the Connecticut.

3. Resolved, That all the members of Congress, in both houses, from the valley of the Connecticut and its tributary streams, be requested to use their utmost efforts to procure the services of an engineer force to effect a survey of the route; and that the committee of correspondence address them on the subject.

4. Resolved, That this Convention highly appreciate the interest which our Canada friends manifest in favor of our enterprise; and we assure them that we regard their success in their contemplated rail road undertakings with lively interest, both on account of their importance to them and to us.

5. Resolved, That, while persons of all occupations in society would be greatly benefited by the construction of the contemplated rail road, yet we consider that it would be especially favorable to the farming interest, as in its operations it would comparatively annihilate time and space, and put the farmer in the interior on an equality with those who live in the neighborhood of our large cities.

6. Resolved, That for the purpose of disseminating information, and uniting the energies of the people of these valleys, it be recommended to the members of this Convention and the friends of the enterprise, to call meetings in those towns on and near the proposed route where no special efforts have been heretofore made.

7. Resolved, That all the papers and statistical information communicated to this convention be referred to the committee of correspondence, and that they distribute the pamphlets they publish as they see fit, one at least of them to each member of this convention, and that the printers of newspapers in the valley and Lower Canada be requested to publish the substance of it in their papers.

Harvey Chase, Esq. of Cornish, N. H. from the committee on the 4th Resolution, presented the following report and resolutions.

The committee raised by the 4th resolution, have made some enquiries on the subject of the measures necessary to procure the requisite charters and their other duties, and beg leave respectfully to present the following report:—

Your committee understand that the existing charters extending from New Haven to Hartford and from Hartford to the north line of Connecticut, are in the hands of persons friendly to our object, and include all or nearly all the powers which could be desired. It may be important hereafter so far to modify the enactments of those charters, as to enable them to consolidate their management and control, or perhaps to form with each other the necessary partnership or union. Not having the charters before them, however, your committee cannot at present form any opinion on this subject.

In Massachusetts the Legislature are now in session, and as their rules require a survey to be placed on their files a given time before the session which makes the grant, we must defer our application till the session in January next. In the meantime, however, the requisite surveys and indeed all preliminary measures may be completed.—From the north boundary of Springfield, to the south line of Massachusetts, being the width of two towns, your committee understand that a road has been chartered and that the corporations are ready to apply their grant for the benefit of our common undertaking.

In New Hampshire nothing has yet been done, but little doubt can exist that any necessary charters and powers will be readily granted.

In Vermont the Incorporating Act of last session contains, in the opinion of your committee, all the provisions which are needed, unless it be perhaps some clause enabling them to form a union with the companies in other States; and even without this power the general ability "to make contracts